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The Low Water Mark.

A ROMANCE IN SIX SHORT CHAPTERS.

BY J. ASPINWALL HODGE, JR., '83, CONN.

CHAPTER I.

SNAP! went the knob of the front door-bell, and "ting-a-ling-ling!" came from the pantry like a succession of echoes.

"There's that upholsterer at last!"

Miss Barbara Griffin was standing in the front hall of an imposing mansion, with unpacked furniture piled around her—a large dust-brush in her hand—the picture of despair before the door-bell rang, the picture of expectancy after its cheering sounds had come through the halls. "That *man*" had kept her waiting two long hours on this the first day in the Griffins' new home; and Miss Barbara's time was precious. But he had come at last, and the prospect of some one

to upbraid for being late, and then, "to general" for the rest of the day, was almost too much happiness for her hard little soul.

Now, Miss Barbara, as she often asserted with deep feeling, was "one of *the* Griffins." Exactly how much this meant, probably no one knew but herself. It certainly meant far more than that, by being one of them, she obtained a surname—a gift which no one else had seen fit to bestow on her spinster-hood. The thought, always uppermost, came to her now: "Ought a Griffin to open the front door?" The new waiter had not arrived. This must be the upholsterer. Another snap and another echo determined her—she advanced to the attack, and opened the door. There stood, upon the threshold, a tall, handsome young man, of about five and twenty, fashionably dressed, possessing an intellectual face, a kindling eye and prominent eye-brows. He looked like one who was intelligent, quick and determined.

"Is Miss Emily Griffin at home?" he asked.

Miss Barbara had seen this "young fellow" at the hotel where, during the past week, he had called on her niece, "a mere chit of a girl." Emily had never introduced her aunt, who was quite ignorant of the manner in which events were shaping themselves. An acquaintance at a watering-place the summer before, a few calls at the hotel during the month just passed, had blossomed into an actual engagement, that is, unless the surviving parent of the young lady objected. The present call was designed to devise the means and method of unfolding the precious secret. But we have given our Griffin of the Griffins time to recover herself. She stood her ground.

"No, Miss Emily is out this afternoon."

"I'm very sorry. Will you give your mistress my card, and tell her that I shall try to call to-morrow, or possibly this evening?"

Miss Barbara's grip tightened on the dust-brush. She said nothing, though her face showed that she was in an em-

phatic mood. There was nothing to say. Besides, the gentleman was descending the steps.

This was all that ever passed between the maiden aunt and Mr. Richard Harrington. But those few words were quite enough to cause the innocent young bachelor much trouble.

The front door was slammed to.

CHAPTER II.

David Griffin was weak. His wife, who was six years his elder, had been quite able "to manage David." She was generally willing to take the trouble; so that when she died Mr. Griffin was quite at a loss to know how to conduct himself and his family affairs. His only daughter was too young to take his wife's place. Miss Barbara, his elder sister, saw the situation at a glance. David needed her. She would live with him. So the old life went on, except that the sister ruled, instead of the wife, and since the new sovereign did not like New York, and as Mr. Griffin had retired from business, it was arranged that the family should move to this New England city.

Emily's was not a joyous life. As timid as her father of her aunt, to whom she was always sent when she applied to him for sympathy, she could not look upon her as a mother—scarcely as a friend.

On her return from her afternoon shopping, Miss Barbara was not long in discovering that there was "an entanglement of a grave nature, which demanded decisive and immediate action." It was a proof of her boasted perception into men's characters that, although she had scarcely seen Harrington three times and had spoken to him but once (and then in the rôle of a serving maid), yet she was able to state that he was immoral—that he "certainly has no family"—"Why, David, you must be crazy—he hasn't a penny to his name." This latter was as far from the truth as her other "perceptions."

"Do you know, even *I* took him for the upholsterer!" This last she had reserved for the climax, but her brother merely sighed and said, "I leave it all to you. Do just as you think best. Emily is very young yet."

So Miss Barbara dictated a note, short and decisive, like herself, and it found its way next morning to the desk of Mr. Harrington, in the spacious office of the insurance company.

Our hero held the important position of accountant in the office, and, when the mail came in, was engaged on a problem of no mean dimensions. It remained unfinished that afternoon. About two o'clock he left the office. He wandered aimlessly on, knowing not whither. It was a July day, and the air was quivering with the heat—not a pleasant afternoon for a long walk. But on and on, out one of the long avenues into the suburbs, our dejected friend sauntered. I said he knew not whither; and he did not, for it was with genuine surprise that he looked up to see the house where he had called the day before. Imperceptibly to himself, his feet had led him in the direction of his thoughts.

An express wagon attracted his attention. It came rattling down the avenue from the Griffin mansion, and disappeared in the direction of the railroad station. During the afternoon he hunted up the expressman, who told him that "them trunks was all checked through to N——."

That evening Dinah reported in the kitchen that "Massa Richard's sot on somethin', 'dat am sure 'nuff. He ain't gwine 'round givin' up his supper and habin' dat 'terminated 'spression on his face for nuffin'. I'se reckon he's mighty consarned 'bout some 'un."

CHAPTER III.

Miss Barbara had sped, with her brother and neice, to N——, a delightful seaside resort on the New England coast. This was part of the "decisive and immediate action" that had been determined upon. One evening, a

few days after their arrival, Emily was seated on the broad veranda of the hotel, talking to young Dr. Heighton. He had arrived the day before, and had just managed to be introduced to the Griffin party. He had announced himself as one of their fellow-citizens. Miss Barbara was delighted that there was some one, and "such a polite young man," to raise Emily's drooping spirits. Just now he certainly was succeeding, for she was listening with great eagerness to all he was saying. Miss Barbara, sitting near by, in a recess, was striving in vain to overhear this evidently confidential conversation. But in vain, for Dr. Heighton had been warned of the aunt. If it had not been so dark, she might have seen that Emily was blushing and was decidedly startled when a business-looking letter was handed her under her wraps.

Little did the Doctor know the full weight and purport of the few words, written in a manly hand, that lay within the folds of the envelope he had just parted with. Even he did not know that "things had gone so far, or that Dick was so terribly in earnest."

There was a stir upon the piazza, and in different accents came the rather unnecessary exclamation, "The moon, the moon!" Slowly and surely it pushed itself above the line of clouds that fringed the horizon. It was a windy night, and clouds chased each other over the sky, making the moonlight the more beautiful by their changing combinations.

To Miss Barbara's surprise, on this charming evening, and when seemingly so pleased with her new friend, Emily announced her intention of retiring at a very early hour. Permission was granted, and she hastened up stairs to be alone with her letter. Her aunt murmured, "She always was a timid thing."

Yes, she was timid, but to-night was to change her. Alone in her room, she opened with trembling fingers the precious letter, which was read, re-read, and read again. Now, for the first time in her life, Emily had to decide on a

line of conduct for herself. No aunt to dictate to her now. She must decide freely. The four walls of the little hotel room seemed to hem her in. The very thought at first frightened her, but she at last slipped down-stairs and out into the free air. She walked down the edge of the lawn to the rocks and water. There the moon, jumping out from behind the clouds, found her seated on a huge boulder, the letter still in her hand.

She had been restless and anxious in her room, but the chafing of the ocean, in its vain, repeated struggles among the rocks, seemed to calm her. Its rhythmic restlessness created a quiet restfulness in her. The great moon, piercing the fickle clouds as they scampered across the sky, seemed to pity her. The huge, bold rocks, with their strong outlines and deep shadows, completed the scene of grandeur which gave to her peace and courage. He seemed to be so near, nearer than ever before. It was here that she finally and conscientiously decided to say, "yes;" to marry Richard Harrington in defiance of the tyranny under which she had been living.

For the timid girl to make such a resolution indicated a great change. The sublimity of the glorious scene lifted her above and beyond her former self. There nature wooed and won her for her lover—there she made noble resolves that were to influence the future of two lives. She sat down a weak, trembling girl, and arose an earnest woman.

CHAPTER IV.

Next day Emily found no trouble in privately sending through the office boy a telegram of one word—"yes;" directed to Mr. Richard Harrington, and signed "E."

Next morning that gentleman stood, in bathing costume, on the crowded beach. As the bathers tripped eagerly down to the surf, he was evidently watching for some familiar face. At last he was rewarded. She came, a fair contrast,

in her tasteful bathing suit, to her aunt, who stalked at her side in a stiff black silk.

Miss Barbara hated the water and never bathed. Perhaps that was the reason that Emily enjoyed her baths so much; for only while she was in the water or in bed did her cat-like guardian lose sight of her. Of this, Harrington had been duly informed by his friend, Dr. Heighton. A plunge and a dive landed him next the young bather. He was wearing the doctor's suit, so that Miss Barbara had no suspicion that, right under her very nose, a most dangerous meeting was taking place between the lovers.

* * * * *

That afternoon Harrington left N—, and did not appear until the next morning, when he arrived with two middle-aged gentlemen, one of whom proved to be a lawyer from the neighboring city of P—, and the other his own city rector. The three arrivals, together with Dr. Heighton, were soon closeted in a room in one of the smaller hotels.

Their conference was not a long one, for the bathing hour was at hand, and a bath was part of their programme. We leave these gentlemen vainly trying to obtain bathing suits that, on the one hand, were not twice too large around the waist, or, on the other, would not split down the back when broad shoulders were thrust into narrow shirts.

Miss Barbara could not understand how Emily could want to bathe when the tide was so low. But her niece showed such determination that she was at last obliged to yield and to go down to the sands.

David, who had returned to the city for a day, was expected on the next train, and she was very eager to tell him about this charming Dr. Heighton, who was so polite to her and so devoted to Emily.

CHAPTER V.

There followed Emily Griffin that morning into the water a party of four gentlemen, whom we have met before, and

Miss Barbara was decidedly aroused when she saw them surround her charge, saw Emily take the arm of one of them—"what!—yes, oh somebody, quick, its that fellow, Harrington, and there is Dr. Heighton—I always thought he was a wretched spy!"

By this time Miss Barbara was thoroughly excited. She rushed back and forth upon the wet sand, making exclamation marks in the air with her parasol. She vainly endeavored to attract Emily's attention. Dr. Heighton had a thought for the aunt, but he merely muttered something about "a regular case of a hen with a brood of ducks," and turned to the business in hand.

The party in the surf had kept well together, and evidently something decidedly interesting was going on. If Miss Barbara had known that just at that moment the white curling breakers were claiming, as they leaped over Emily's lithe figure, the first kiss from the bride of Richard Harrington, she would still have been powerless to stop the tide of human affairs. The laughing surf rang out the wedding march. Each wave was capped with foam as beautiful as any floral wreath.

Yes, there was a wedding in the surf. Harrington had found that, under the State laws, no license could be obtained without the parents' consent, and no marriage performed except by a minister domiciled in the State. These obstacles and the aunt's vigilance were avoided, and at the same time no scandal created, when they crossed the low-water mark. For all beyond is under United States jurisdiction, and the laws of the State do not hold. So, under United States law, and by their own rector, Harrington and our heroine were made man and wife.

Just as the service ended, a succession of huge breakers came rolling in, and minister, doctor, lawyer, bride and bridegroom were tumbled together towards the shore. For a moment—a moment that seemed like ten—Richard was unable to find his bride, and, what was quite as bad, he be-

came sadly confused as to his own whereabouts. When, at last, he came to the surface, he found that Emily had been swept past him, and was standing in shore. A dripping blue flannel bathing suit, hanging in heavy, watery folds, hatless, hair dishevelled, wet and falling over face and shoulders, an oil-skin cap, half on and half off, face and hands dripping with moisture,—she did not look like a bride. Some of the poetry of the wedding was gone. Perhaps she guessed how she looked, for as soon as Harrington had regained his feet she dashed up to the bathing-house. Her aunt's efforts to stop her were quite in vain. She only received a sprinkling of salt water upon her dress for her pains.

In the afternoon Emily, having successfully eluded her aunt, crept up to her father's room. She timidly knocked at his door, fully decided to tell him all.

"Come in."

He was sitting at the open window, and as she entered he rose, and for the first time in her life Emily saw her father look stern and determined. But as soon as he saw that his daughter was not followed, as usual, by her aunt, his expression changed. What little of decision there was in Mr. Griffin's character had been aroused, by some means or other, and, evidently, it only needed his sister's presence to call it forth. Now he stepped forward to embrace and kiss his daughter.

"And so, Emily, you have come to tell me all about it. My dear, we will have a terrible time with your aunt—a terrible time. Sister has always seemed set against it."

Her father would not tell how he had come to know of the wedding. But after he had listened to her tearful confession, which ended in smiles and blessings, he told her that if Harrington would keep the wedding a secret, and wait until the autumn, she should be married from her own home. All this Emily could not understand. Why should her father be so ready to forgive? How did he find out about the marriage in the surf? She did not know that

Richard had been with her father ever since the bath, and had so plainly showed the weak old man that his best course was to accept the inevitable with a good grace, that he at last was obliged to surrender unconditionally. Richard had evinced, too, such manliness and determination that he seemed to have imparted some of his own spirit to his future father-in-law, and it was with something like respect that Mr. Griffin bade him good-bye.*

CHAPTER VI.

"Wasn't the bride pretty?"

"How lovely the flowers were, in such perfect taste!"

"How well Mr. Harrington looked!"

Such were the oft-repeated remarks at the close of the final scene in the drama of Emily's romance.

"Robert Falconer."

IF EVERY man has a heart, and if every heart has a tender spot, surely the story of Robert Falconer must reach that heart and touch that spot. The fullness of manhood and of humility, the depth of suffering and of sympathy, the boldness and tenderness, the strength and love that lie beneath that broad, open bosom, speak a nature intensely human, yet almost divine. It brings to mind the great bursting heart of the blind hero of Aurora Leigh, the wailing of Samson under the strokes of adverse fortune. He is troubled for humanity, as David mourned for his dead boy; he ministers to the sick as a mother comforts her wailing child, he lives in others.

And this is Christian philosophy. George McDonald, the *Independent* says, is "one of the deepest seers in modern

* The more important of the events related in this chapter are founded on fact.

times." But he is not theological or dogmatic. His religion is all intuitive. He accepted the Bible as Falconer does, because he could not help it, not because it convinced him. By such a nature the truth is absorbed and assimilated until it becomes integral and constituent, the mainspring of action, the end of effort, the goal of life. Analysis and classification are unnecessary hindrances, and the soul flies onward as the migrating bird flies southward, without compass or map. Indeed, McDonald tells us this of himself, time and again, and his characters reveal as much.

Falconer determined to find his father, whom he had seen but once, whom he knew to be a criminal and an outlaw, and of whose death he had convincing evidence. Nobody had ever suggested this to him; his old grandmother would hardly have encouraged it, but something within—the same something that made Columbus a discoverer, Garrison an enthusiast and Hamlet an avenger—the same something that urges pilgrims on their weary way to the tombs of the prophets and bids them defy famine and nakedness, perils and the sword—something told him, "Go!" Henceforth, his father is the central figure of the visions of the day and the dreams of the night; he appears in all the forms that degraded manhood can assume; he moves from hamlet to village, from village to town, in the heart of the one who loves him; he is enshrined in the bosom of his son.

But how is this flood of philanthropy fed? By numerous tributaries. The thread of Falconer's character is struck, the fountain-head of his deep humanity is tapped, when he grasps the hand and espouses the cause of the homeless waif, the flaxen-haired Hagar, who was fatherless, like himself, and who bore, with his shameless mother, the stigma of his unlawful birth. We see the first prophetic gleam of the noble self-sacrifice, the sublime philanthropy that brought joy to the hearts of thousands in after years, when, day by day, he bears to his humble protegee his own allowance of oat bread, or protects him from the scorn and derision of his

young companions. Deep in such a nature are the springs of friendship. Ties once formed are severed only by the hand that severs all earthly ties. Love is as strong as death.

But love is not a passion here. It is only the deepening of the channels of every-day existence, only the widening of an horizon already expansive; it only gathers the sunbeams already scattered in the corners of a roomy heart, and pours them upon a single object. And the calm flow of the affections gives greater strength in disappointment, greater patience in suffering, greater resignation in distress. Not strength to overcome disappointment, and suffering, and distress,—for if a man like Falconer loves once he loves always—but strength to do life's duties more earnestly while conscious of that love. Falconer must love Mary St. John as the waves must caress the pebbles on the beach, as the sun must smile upon the dewy meadows; but when his disappointment came, he bowed beneath his feelings as the strong tree before the wind, and lived anew, free from boyish fancies and golden dreams, as the tree has lost its leaves.

Picture this scene: Ericson, Robert's friend, is sick, and Miss St. John is watching with him. Robert hastens from college to the sick bed of his friend, and enters the chamber unseen. "Ericson was on a couch. His head lay on Mary St. John's bosom. Neither saw him."

"Robert came forward, stooped and kissed Ericson's forehead, kneeled and kissed Mary's hand, rose and went out."

"From that moment both were dead to him. Dead, I say—not lost, not estranged, but dead—that is, awful and holy."

"Ericson died two days after." "Here endeth Robert's youth."

Yes, here endeth Robert's youth. That great form stands stunned, convulsed; the woman he loves lives entwined in the memory of his friend; the sweetest strings of that grand, human harp, have struck one note, and, finding no

responsive chord, have hushed their melody in the oblivion of a dead past.

And, Falconer's love for music, too, indicates the same intensity of feeling and depth of passion. How a weary, disappointed man, can pour forth his soul, in a few chords, on the instrument he loves! Music is the burden of Nature's nativity, life and death; the password into eternity's great store-house of untried experiences; the consummation and fulfilment of those prophetic gleams of harmony that sometimes illumine us through the vail of our human imperfections. All our senses cry aloud for music. Harmony of color, sound and scent, excellence of taste, delicacy of expression, gentleness of touch, are all the manifestations of one grand principle that appeals to us physically and morally and spiritually, and guides us to excellence in every sphere. Sin is discord; virtue is song. The stroke of thunder is the swell of a thousand pipes, that re-echo in the roar of the cataract and the bursting of the shell, speaking more distinctly in some great deed of man, that moves the world of thought or feeling, and, finding grander expression still, in the conquest of some vice or passion, and the bursting of the bonds of sin. The bleating of the lost lamb on the hill-side, the moaning of the wind in the forest, the newly-made grave in the church-yard, and the aching heart, throbbing with sorrow and despair, all have one voice, and that voice is a long, low note in Nature's glorious symphony. As one feels the grasp and pressure of a friendly hand, and gazes into the still depths of a loving eye, whose lid has lifted freely that the tear of sympathy may trickle to the ground; as one sees another's lip tremble for his sorrow, and another's breast heave with his distress, he hears a bar of the grandest melody that the chords of human feeling afford.

I sometimes wish we had another sense, not to supplement those we already have, to supply their deficiencies and correct their imperfections, but to unite the functions of them all in one and to combine their impressions in a har-

monious whole. Let the most beautiful shades and combinations of color, the most graceful forms, the most delicate perfumes, the sensation of contact with objects most pleasing to the touch, and the sweetest sounds all unite in an appeal to this new sense, and what rapture, what ecstasy would then result! And thus combine all that is sweetest and best in the moral world, let all the streams of virtue that wind in and out among the rough crags of human nature be turned into one great channel, let goodness and truth and holiness and patriotism and modesty and grace, and all the virtues of character be blended in one model man, and how the pulses of our moral nature would "thrill like a rich harp-string" as we gazed upon this ideal! O, that our moral sense were wide enough to take in God—for this is God—to echo the notes of this supremest refrain! Falconer's love for music was a part of his religion.

The crushed petals of his love's single flower exhale a heavenly fragrance. Life becomes real. He feels for the sorrowing, cares for the sick, and weeps for the sinful. The barren, desolate future becomes a blessed present, and sacred joy consecrates the sorrows of the past as the rays of the setting sun tint the clouds that rest upon the horizon.

Such a character, so consistently, so admirably portrayed, must live in the memory and react upon the life of all who conceive it.

To —.

THERE'S many a smile—
 "Entre nous"—
 That beams awhile
 Between us two!

There's many a blush—
 "Tout à vous"—
 In the moonlight's hush;
 I'm all for you!

There's many a kiss—
 "S'il vous plait"—
 That tells the bliss
 Of Cupid's sway!

Bret Harte's Poems.

AMONG the distinctive American authors, those in whose writings the scenery and society of this continent are woven, Bret Harte may be fairly ranked among the foremost. Nor is his popularity confined to this country alone. In England he is more admired and more widely read than in the United States, and many of his stories, notwithstanding the difficulty of rendering into other languages the peculiar dialect and idioms of the West, have been translated into the French and German.

In his poems and prose sketches he has given us as faithful a picture of the life, scenery and society of California, in the days of the "Argonauts of '49," as Edward Eggleston's portrait of Southern Indiana thirty-five years ago, or as Scott's picture of England after the Norman conquest in *Ivanhoe*. The life thus described is but one episode in this great epic of our civilization.

Mr. Harte's experience of frontier and mining life dates from an early age. He served in many capacities: as miner, stage messenger, agent and journalist, all of which gave him rare opportunities for studying and preserving the records of a picturesque and passing civilization. Prose and poetry alike seem to flow from his pen without effort. Both have a flavor of the soil, which is their marked characteristic.

His verses are written in many keys, and the same delicate vein of humor runs through nearly all. The themes of many, if expressed in ten or twelve prosaic lines of a newspaper, would seem quite unworthy of the poetic dress in which he has clothed them. Some, as "Dickens in Camp," have much sweetness and tenderness. In a few brief lines it tells the story of a camp lost in the snows of the Sierras, and how—

"— while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of 'Little Nell.'"

He has a wonderful facility for giving a whole and perfect picture in a single swift stroke. In "Concepcion de Arguello" a single line is made to tell the whole story of the California seasons—

"Half a year of clouds and flowers,—half a year of dust and sky."

And again, the picture of the Judge's daughter, drawn by "Luke,"—

 "— ez light, and ez up and away,
 Ez rifle smoke blown through the woods."

These poems, with their companion pieces, have a vein of pathos which, though veiled at times, goes straight to the heart. His poems in dialect, however, few and short as they are, are considered his best. They illustrate his power of suggesting a whole character through its own unconscious self-revelation. For example, such choice bits as "Jim," "Dow's Flat," and "After the Accident." "Her Letter" is one of the best, and is full of dramatic vigor and truth. The young woman, whose father "struck pay gravel in drifting on "Poverty Flat," and who is just home from the "finest soirée of the year," sighs for the days when her father sold flour and bacon, and for the parties in Harrison's barn, where the candles "shed their soft lustre and tallow on head-dress and shawl." The closing stanza is especially characteristic:—

 "Good night!—here's the end of my paper;
 Good night!—if the longitude please,
 For maybe, while wasting my taper,
 Your sun's climbing over the trees.
 But know, if you haven't got riches,
 And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
 That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
 And you've struck it,—on Poverty Flat."

In this fondness for the language of the soil, Mr. Harte does not stand alone. With him may be classed Burnett,

Eggleston and Cable in prose, and Joaquin Miller, Hay and Carleton in verse. All are characterized by fidelity to the thoughts, feelings and language of a rude and homely people and evince the same nice observation and close attention to the small details and events of life which have made Bret Harte so preëminently successful.

While much of Mr. Harte's poetry is indifferent and lacking in interest, yet we cannot but express the hope that the versatile author of the "Heathen Chineese" may continue his contributions to literature, for in the sphere which he has chosen he is unsurpassed.

George Eliot's Philosophy.

GEORGE ELIOT first came to the notice of literature through the translation of a book which marked the highest reach of the tide of negative criticism on the most positive character the world ever saw. I refer to "The New Life of Jesus," by Strauss. By translating this book from the German, and giving it to the English reader, she announced to the public that the man Jesus was unreal to her, and that she found, in the supremest soul of all history, simply material for legend and increasing tradition. The object of this paper is not to question her place as an artist in literature so much as her place as a moral teacher. Yet the two questions may be said to be identical—for all highest literature is the gaze of the mind's eye upon problems which busied the now still brain of this remarkable woman. She stood foremost in this century among novelists, not only because of the greatness of her canvass and the multitude of her remarkable figures, but for the finer reason that each figure was considered as united by a thousand strange but vital relationships to the great life that hemmed it in. This

makes great literature,—the fact that a writer perpetually considers and creates, with reference to laws and facts which are universal. At this place in the ideal world, or rather on this edge of the real, looking into the ideal—did George Eliot stand. Dickens and Thackary never knew of such a place in thought. George Sand was not conscious that foot-prints could be made there. But Mrs. Browning was. She was there, and heard the wonder speak which awed Hamlet. So here you might have seen George Eliot standing. But with what different eyes, and hence with what different visions! Having translated Strauss' "Life of Jesus" at an early age, she had adopted a mental method, which would lead her to other results than those achieved by Mrs. Browning. Herbert Spencer also became her inspirer. Indeed, one who knew her, has lately said, that, as the ideas of "Herbert Spencer become more familiar to the critical mind, it will be found that they pervade and color George Eliot's works; and that she, in the future, to be very much interpreted in the light of that new philosophy which studies human nature as a problem of forces in correspondence with its environment." So that it is perhaps true to say, that George Eliot did, with the same principle, in fiction, what Spencer has done in philosophy. Agnosticism has been preached never so eloquently as by that still hand and marvellous pen.

The acceptance of the principles of the book, the translation of which was her earliest literary work, would simply unfit George Eliot for higher literary success than she has achieved. So, when you ask, in your wonder at her splendid genius, why it was not more splendid, and its success more wonderful,—you have simply to be pointed to those principles which have their vital form in the agnostic philosophy of our time. This is the experience of the broadest minds. They see in George Eliot the Michael Angelo of women novelists. No little canvass does she use. No petty, meaningless characters does she make to complete a

human scene. Every stroke of the brush is a revelation of strength for good or ill; every touch is an illuminated point whereto human moods and emotions crowd. Everything is magnificent; for behind everything of hers is a magnificent soul. Common life becomes transfigured. The universal cleaves to the special. Each shattered fragment of finiteness is bounded with the Infinite. Into every nature pour rivers with no banks, without a break in their current. And then, what analysis! Down, into the marrow, until life trembles, and tries to hide in a motive, which she describes so truly that life is caught at last in its own solitude. All this, with a reserve that makes it powerful, strikes our time with wonder. But that is not the greatest wonder. We wonder more that, being able to do so much, and see so far, she should not do much more and see much farther. This last wonder grows to be painful when we see how it is only under certain restrictions that such a genius does not achieve its highest. By reading "Theophrastus Such," one may find a fair statement of her creed, which ignores what seem to be the greatest ideas and hopes of humanity. It is but justice and truth to admit that in the atmosphere of this creed, "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Daronda" were written. What is this creed? It is that of the Religion of Humanity, without God, without Christ, as we understand Him. We are to live for the men and women that are to live after us, even as all the best of them lived for us who came after them. This, she holds, is a sufficient motive for life. All morality must come from an "effective and awe-inspiring vision of the human lot." Now, take that creed back with you, and read "Daniel Daronda." Can you wonder that, in spite of all this great literary genius has done, the book almost tires you out? The keenest lovers of her novels do not deny their weariness. Why is it? Simply because you know that the people of her books are, upon the whole, too good to be any better; that they are made in an atmosphere which does not get all the manhood

and womanhood out of them; that about the moving panorama, and upon it, falls a light of insufficient brightness to save the whole from a sad gloom. Compare "Savonarola," whom she could not misinterpret, who would be Christian in spite of her, with the best specimen she has made of a Humanist, and in solitary grandeur he is above them all. The weakness of Humanism must have been apparent to her when Dinah and Hetty stood side by side. She also bound up the human nature with which she dealt, when the idea of immortality was shut out, or, at least, only allowed to get into the novels by courtesy. Just as she tries to substitute Humanity, spelled with a capital "H," for an Infinite God, so, also, did she attempt to substitute our living forever in the memory and helpfulness of our race, for a personal life beyond death. The failure was, in the one case, equal to that in the other. If all humanity, in individuals, is to worship Humanity in general, even if you do spell it with a capital letter, it is simply man worshipping himself. Christianity does not ignore the fact, as George Eliot does, that men and women of all ages have an ideal life floating before them; that human nature is a lie and a deceit if that ideal life cannot be attained. Instead of struggling that out of its characters, in the great novel it writes, it points to Jesus, whom she assumes to be myth, as that very ideal life becomes a fact. It does not so limit human character, as she does, as to ignore all this tendency in human nature to perpetuate its personal existence beyond death. This was the monstrous thing that clogged the intellect of George Eliot. "Daniel Daronda" has been described as a tale of consciousness. But what is its outlook? Let us go with George Eliot upon the heights of philosophy, and look down on life. To see, what? She says, as we look—"can there be a slenderer, more insignificant thread in human history, than this consciousness of a girl, busy with her small inferences of the way in which she should make her life pleasant? What, in the midst of that mighty

drama, are girls and their blind visio is? They are the yea or nay of that good for which men are enduring and fighting. In these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the "treasure of human affection." Now, that is about all there is of life, if George Eliot is to be consistently followed. And the sad fact is, that she was too great to be altogether inconsistent. If she had been truly consistent with her philosophy, she would not have had the heart to make a single character. If she were not so consistent, on the whole, her reader would not feel, as he does, when he drops "Middlemarch," that life's problem is greater, and its solution more difficult than ever; or, when he has finished "Daniel Deronda," that why he is, is not, and cannot be explained by George Eliot's searching analysis of what he is. Thus, life is not quite worth living, with her characters as a community. Put them together in a society, and they would, by and by, sing in chorus:

"The only better is a Past that lives
On through an added Present, stretching still
In hopes unchecked by shaming memories
To life's last breath."

Comparison has been made between the deceased novelist and Shakespeare. The whole difference in method will appear, when we assert that Shakespeare builded greatest literature on the *yea*. Shelley said: "I deny"; George Eliot said: "I neither affirm nor deny"; Shakespeare said: "I affirm," and forthwith proceeded upon a *something* to rear the colosseum of human nature. No atmosphere of doubt hangs around the head of William Shakespeare. Human life rolls on, pouring its treasures *somewhere*, not *nowhere*. He assumes immortality as a fact. Under and over things, is an Infinite Person, transcendent and sublime. Substitute the modern half-theological, half-mythological conception of Humanity as an object of worship, in King Lear, Macbeth, or Hamlet, and you have a world in which their existence

would be nonsense. Let there be any doubt that an eternity awaits man after death, and you take the sky from off Shakespeare's earth. Let it be once understood that right may be only a reminiscence from the experience of the race in trying to perpetuate its existence, and all the grand poetry, which has stirred the blood of mankind, is the doubtful music of a possible superstition. Shakespeare looked at life as standing on something; containing something; suggesting a better something, which should grow out of that; and going somewhere, for some reason, which was mighty enough to justify the mighty journey. That was the strength of his cunning. The lack of these is all that keeps George Eliot from being Shakespeare's daughter, in a truer sense than Mrs. Browning can ever be.

The enervating philosophy which George Eliot professed has made itself felt on her books by its negative work. When there was nothing more in human life to George Eliot herself, than could flow from humanity, is it strange that her characters do not reach the height of life's great ideal?

When a novelist takes human life into literature she must renounce all agnosticism. For it is a heavy load for even a George Eliot to carry, if she has no *somewhere* in which to justify its existence. Take the highest "somewhere" of agnosticism, and what is life? George Eliot has herself voiced it:—

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime, that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues. So to live is heaven;
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order, that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man."

Now, there is no personal continuance in all that vision. It is man living in man, that is all.

We are told that she wrote "reviews for years," because, as she says, she "knew too little of human nature to write a novel." Is it too much to say that the woman who saw only a myth in the face of Jesus, could hardly know enough of human nature to achieve the greatest success with it?

George Eliot's doubt has been almost transformed into faith twice in her literary life. "Silas Marner" deems himself forsaken by God and men. He is in deepest misery. His rejection by the powers of earth and heaven is "more than lost gold." A little fondling girl is sent to him. The result of the sent child is beautifully hinted at, when, on the title page, George Eliot wrote—

"A child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thought."

The other novel, which shows how near she came to herself, is "Romola." It is a record, in a novel, of that profound antagonism between Christianity and Greek philosophy, and its workings. George Eliot may have had pity for both systems, but the characters of Savonarola and Tito are very powerful. Romola's faith in self-sacrifice and goodness, if it was not absolutely pitiable, was enough to show the perfect falsity of Strauss, and to put agnosticism to shame. Agnosticism could never have created Savonarola. He is nonsense, or George Eliot's philosophy is nonsense. So also of Dinah in "Adam Bede." She is a fool or a saint, and in either case, agnosticism could not have created what the world calls that fine character.

Every time that "marriage of love and duty" comes to her hand she is strong. But "love" to what, and "duty" to what? These are the questions which make the characters of this great woman propose a thousand queries for which she has no answers. This was the only flaw in that mighty

brain. In her suffering, dying world, we say *why*, and no reply comes. In her aspiring, longing society, we say *where*, and absolute silence reigns. In her we see the edges of our planet; but she has not dared to tell us if she has peeped over to any purpose but to discover a vast void.

"Woman, sister," says Thomas De Quincey, "there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Pardon me, if I doubt whether you will ever produce a great poet from your choirs, or a Mozart, or a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo, or a great philosopher, or a great scholar. By the last is meant—not one who depends upon an infinite memory—but also on an infinite and electrical power of combinations, bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of the resurrection what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unit of breathing life. If you can create yourselves into any of these great creators, why have you not?"

This passage, it is claimed, has been answered by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. I shall not dispute the fact. But if George Eliot had not been handicapped by agnosticism, she would have made it a foolish quotation.

God and *Christ* were the capital which Mrs. Browning found on hand when she began to address human nature. With a Godless universe and a Christless planet, the wonderful genius of George Eliot has dared to face the same problem, and in its failure proves how great a message it might have borne had it once heard it within its soul.

Was He Reckless?

THE Indian who named Medway, expressed, in one word, "The Meeting of the Waters." In truth, here the west Penobscot, fresh from silvery Chesuncook Lake, quickened by the streams of Mount Kitahdin, comes pouring down to

meet its quieter brother, the East Branch. At Medway the Penobscot springs into new life and starts gradually down on his course to the sea.

Medway, Maine, is a pioneer lumber town, with strong affinities for tan-bark. Her children are nature's own, and nature has a very large mould. A Medway man is a man, and can be relied on. These may be rough and independent folks, but in our late war, when work was in store, the cry was, always, "Send up the Maine brigade," and they always came. Work! Why, work is play in Medway! A man poles twenty miles up-stream and fears to lose his appetite! He camps out in winter and tramps through four feet of snow, thermometer 10°, to "run a line of traps!" But it's in the spring, when he is "a loggin," that the Maine man is in his element. All winter long, gangs of men have rushed with demoniacal activity into the heart of the virgin forest, and brought her very monarchs to the ground. A track is made, horses are brought, and, tearing the ground in impotent rage, the giants are hauled to the nearest water. Huddled together, these logs soon have to reach the dams, there to await their fellows. Meanwhile, swollen with the melting snows, the water rises rapidly, "backing up" for miles till the dam is opened, and, with a confused roar, logs, water, and all go tearing down to the vast receivers in the lower rivers. Over this chaos the drivers exert all their skill; clad in woolens, with formidable iron-spiked boots, these men are amphibious. They rush at the logs like wild beasts; they work with a giant's strength; they move with a goat's agility, attacking now this log, now that, till all are free.

Does nature shape the character of a people? Undoubtedly. The Oriental watches the stars in the cool of the night and meditates dreamily. The Italian, tried by the tropical sun, soothed by the sighs of the Mediterranean, turns all his nature into passion. The awful life-battle with winds and floods, stiffens Dutch character into a grand

tenacity. The roaring torrents, the sombre pine forests, the gleaming lakes of Maine, make the frontiersman half animal, half poet. Beware of his enmity—it is irresistible. Seek his friendship—it is undying.

Such a man was Royal Reed, a young Medway logger, a fisherman, a canoeman, a hunter. Good-looking, save his eyes, which often, when directed at an object, looked beyond and saw infinity. Good-natured, like most large men, yet feared; no one knew why. In Medway he was called “kin’ of a lonesome man,” and with reason, for he had lived a lonely life in the wild woods, and in Medway had lived in the more awful loneliness of an isolated mind.

His mother dying in the pangs of childbirth, the poor stranger had a rough struggle for existence. He lived with his father, in hut and camp. Now in the dismal barrenness of a Maine village, now in the wild roughness of a logging camp. Capacity develops early in such a life, and the father dying, left his boy a man; a man, too, of strange, original character. Alone in the world, he loved his solitude; he was as rough as his companions, but he had moods of great silence, during which he would walk out under “the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,” deep into the uncut forest. Why he went, what he did, what he thought out in the wilderness, none ever knew. There communing with Nature, the only mother he had ever known, wrapped in that awful solitude, what feelings, what instincts, must have surged upwards from his heart! Seated on some fallen hemlock, gazing down the gray-green vistas, stared at by the great gray hares, chattered at by the squirrels, while the dusky light grew darker, how the mysterious melancholy of nature must have swept over him! Still, he was a logger, and the next day he might wake with a sigh, but he would work with a terrible earnestness, as if hoping the thoughts beyond his language might be expressed in action. Such was Royal Reed, in action a giant, in repose a poet.

One winter the Medway loggers camped on the upper Penobscot. Axe in hand, they attacked the woods. The forests groaned in stubborn opposition; but what can withstand the union of man and iron?

Great spots were cleared. The wintry sun fell on earth it had not seen for centuries. The men were everywhere, always working; what cared they if the snow fell? So much higher the water in March. But the snow did fall, and thickly, too; it came in blinding squalls, and in great, steady storms; blown from the ridges, it piled deep in the hollows, and waited for the first warm smiles of spring. March came at last, but he "came in like a lion." Old Winter held on furiously, and roared through the forests, saying, "Do not forget me; I will be back anon." The huge inert logs lay thick by every stream, waiting for the waters to call them into life. After the storm, was quiet; then two days of piping spring, and the waters moved. Every hill slope had its brook, every valley was a roaring torrent; the lakes and rivers rose with a leap; water ruled the day. But the logs! How they rushed down the rivers! Some strange spirit must have possessed them. Imagine a log eighty feet in length and four in thickness; see this mass in the mid-stream; it hangs sullenly back, it gathers for an effort, it rears half on end, it leaps wildly forward. Imagine, not one, but a million of these creatures, coming from every lake and every stream.

Penobscot, loaded with these monsters, rushes furiously on, past Maguntic, past Kitahdin, past quiet Aybol town, to the neighboring cliffs of Ripogenus Falls.

Ripogenus is a cañon; its mouth is blocked with huge boulders. The logs came to these rocks; they passed the first few, but were soon stopped; they massed up, one on the other, and made a "boom." The active loggers saw the danger and worked fiercely, but each minute fresh logs increased the jam. The dammed-up waters began to "back up." Towards afternoon they threatened to destroy the little village of Aybol.

The loggers gathered on the cliffs in a sullen group. Aybol was nearly reached by the flood. What could be done? The volume of water would force the boom in a few hours. The greatest strain came on the logs first blocked. They must yield, but how soon? Could they be cut? The men looked at each other dubiously. To cut the logs, a man must be lowered from the cliffs. The risk was terrible. Suddenly Reed stepped out. "Give me the rope," he said; "I'll break the boom or go to h—l!"

He descended. The strained ears could hear the quick chopping of his axe. Suddenly the river jumped forward with an awful roar. The onlookers saw only a confused and seething mass of foam.

The man was swallowed up in the elements he loved so well.

Voices.

IF there is any one thing which should just now receive the hearty support of all, is it the Athletic Association. Foot ball and base ball are, for the most part, self-supporting, and even lacrosse has commenced its youthful career on sound business principles. The Athletic Association has proportionately greater expenses than any of these special organizations, while its duties are of such importance that it has prime claims upon the support of the college. It rests largely upon the association to put and keep the grounds and track in good condition, thus encouraging our men to train for field days here and at other places; also, to see to it that the Winter Sports in the Gym. fail not for want of means.

But the association must look to the college for aid. The heavy expense of keeping the track in repair last year not only depleted the treasury, but left the association considerably involved. 'Tis true, the donation of the receipts of the recent class B. B. games will be quite an aid in fixing up the track; but it was given with the express understanding that it be expended upon the track *only*, and not in paying off the old debt or purchasing medals, etc., for the Gym. Sports.

Steps were taken by the association to raise some money by having a Class Athletic Contest this Fall. It was, however, found necessary to abandon this, for fear of conflicting with foot ball. Now nothing remains but to appeal directly to the college for aid. We have good grounds, and we want them well cared for. The track must be kept in repair if we expect to do any better at the Polo Grounds next spring than we did last. And who would be willing to see the Winter Sports fall through?

The Association would feel much better, and be able to do a great deal more for the college, if their appeal for help to liquidate the present debt should meet with a ready response.

THE matter of selecting a photographer, is as important as any that comes before a class during its entire course. Considering this fact, its postponement until near the end of first term, Senior year, is peculiarly unfortunate for several reasons. The chief reason is, that it practically leaves the class at the mercy of the photographer of the previous year, because it is impossible for an artist, no matter how energetic, to take the views, groups, and portraits desired, in the little time he has at his disposal—not quite two terms. The experiment of changing the photographer was tried at a neighboring college, last year, and proved an utter failure, prob-

ably for the reason above given, and particularly as the former photographer refused to sell his negatives, or allow them to be used to reproduce the pictures. If, then, the old photographer is careless, or neglectful, or tardy, the class must choose between him, with all his faults, and a new man, who cannot possibly give them the variety that the old artist can; and so the choice is one between a poor collection, and the chances for half a good one.

The point we desire to urge is, that class photographer be chosen not later than the beginning of third term, Junior year. This gives fresh scope for examining artists' work, and thus getting a new and good man, provided the old photographer is deficient; it enables such a man to get good views of buildings and campus in any season; and it gives the committee time to see that all portraits and views are really good. We especially urge this suggestion on the class of '84.

IT HAS often been a source of wonder that none of our worthy friends at the Seminary encourage or cultivate editorial ability. The pulpit and the press are by no means rigidly distinct avocations. The failure of Mr. Talmage as a journalist cannot discourage, if compared with the continued success of Mr. Beecher. One of the finest minds among our Seminary graduates now discharges the work of managing editor of a religious journal in Pennsylvania.

The new spirit of the Seminary, in seeking practical work, should extend itself in the line of literary effort. If our young theologians have not lack of brains, they certainly have enough leisure. A religious journal, vigorously conducted, would prove an efficient means of good, as it would possess peculiar interest for the College and Seminary, and well supply the need of Sunday reading.

By communication with the outside world, the publication of ideas and methods would remove long-cherished peculiarities, and bring our half-buried Seminary into new life. If the secular press has diminished the flow of oratory, it must be the wide-spread diffusion of religious journals that has lessened the attendance upon sermons. And yet, we suppose it would be like furnishing a foundation-stone for a completed edifice, to suggest an innovation to staid and reverend Seminole.

FOR THE first time in several years there are chess players enough in College to form a club. A writer in 81's LIT. tried to stir up some interest in this direction, but the effort, we believe, failed entirely. Whatever the result of this renewed appeal to the chess players here in College "to assemble themselves together" and form a club, we are sure that it will be as it should be. For nothing is more certain about chess than that it is self-supporting. Real chess playing requires a keen devotion to the game. Where the proper and peculiar interest is wanting, there can be no chess; and if such an interest be present, we shall have chess playing whether there be a club or not. You will see men making appointments a week ahead, and he who is beaten on one occasion will not be satisfied without a "return" game. And so each meeting demands another, defeat being just the opposite of conclusive.

We are not trying to "immortalize ourself" by suggesting "some pleasant way of spending one's leisure hours during the winter." We want to find out those who will go out with us to measure off a battle ground, to furnish it with weapons of fight, and who will then be anxious to show their loyalty to their king. All so minded ought to make arrangements for an early meeting to organize and to fix upon a suitable time for a series of championship games.

THE opening essay of the last LIT. upheld the theory that poetry advances with civilization. The argument as advanced is, for the most part, abstract; but on the last page or two we notice a few examples. Shakespeare is mentioned as an illustration of the author's argument. But how much did Shakespeare receive from civilization? A poet sings of nature, of nature as it addresses itself to the senses and impresses itself upon the feelings. The facts of science are often poetical, because of their broad sweep, their stupendous grandeur; but the addition of these facts by no means compensates poetry for the loss of the days when men lived in close companionship with nature.

The poetry, too, that lies beneath home life and social relations is trampled upon by the march of civilization with its advanced systems of labor. We can easily imagine a poem on the "Knight and the Peasant Maid," but we would be inclined to doubt whether a poem on the loves of "The Manufacturer and the Factory Girl" could contain really poetic thought. The title would prejudice us.

Shakespeare, while he wrote in modern times, seldom wrote of them. His theme is ever human passion, which is the same in all ages. But where much is crowded into life, passion and poetry, romance and feeling, must be more and more limited in their sway. Hence, where we find civilization we find the same passion, but less of it, and, now, by no means all-engrossing. Hence, the grandest of Shakespeare's plays,—King Lear, Macbeth, The Tempest, Hamlet,—all treat of men and women who act untrammelled by the artificial social codes of to-day. No commercial structure, with its iron gratings, its narrow passages, and its prison-like walls, which now oppress all society, hampered the mediæval heroes and heroines of Shakespeare's dramas. The Merchant of Venice is the only apparent exception. But here the commercial element is not modern. The business transaction can only be introduced when it is made a monstrosity, a relic of barbarism.

We can best close with a simile from Macaulay, who says: "Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body. And, as the magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age."

WE SHOULD be ungrateful if we did not recognize the efforts which are being made to render our surroundings more pleasant and homelike. But, while duly appreciating all that has recently been done to beautify our campus, we think that one portion has been overlooked; and it is because of the liberal spirit already manifested by those in charge, that we are led to call attention to it. We want a lamp-post for Edwards Hall. Less than a year ago the necessity for one between Whig and Murray Halls had only to be pointed out, and the want was at once supplied. Now, since the need is in every way more urgent for one in front of Edwards, surely we may hope that one will soon be put there. Only go down towards Edwards on a dark and stormy night and you will appreciate what kind of darkness the Egyptians of old are said to have once encountered.

Editorials.

OUR last number was in press when we received the resignation of Mr. Fisher. In his retirement from the management of our business, the LIT. Board loses a very efficient member; and we much regret that the pressure of other duties forced him to sever the pleasant connection which existed between us. With the permission of the

class, we appoint Mr. Paden, of the board, to the vacant position, and he will act as treasurer for the remainder of the volume. *Apròpos*, a word about the usual method of selecting treasurers for the college papers. In most of the instances which have come under our observation, and especially so in the case of 83's LIT., the present plan has worked satisfactorily. Good men have been chosen, and the financial part of our college journalism has been managed successfully. But personal popularity and Hall partisanship should not be decisive in making these appointments. As soon as a treasurer is elected the class has nothing more to do with him. His relations are entirely with the board. He gets his authority from the class, while his good or ill use of it affects, not his constituency, but only the board. The principle is wrong; and it is liable at any time to produce bad results. With the editors themselves the case is different. They are officials of the class or of the College at large, and their responsibility lies to the source of their authority. The treasurer is, properly, an official of the board. To it, we think, all succeeding classes should consign his election.

A NEW edition of the laws has appeared. Few, we guess, have read the little pamphlet given so freely. We can assure them, however, that the publication is worthy of perusal. It might be hard to find, in so small a space, so much that is worn-out and even laughable, put in such grave and authoritative a way. This is not all, however. There is a great deal here that may serve to explain some curious faculty proceedings, which may have non-plussed many a thoughtful student. One of these principles, laid down in this weighty little volume, can be found on page 10, chap. x, sec. 8. It reads as follows :

"In awarding literary honors and distinctions, a regard shall be had to the moral conduct and orderly behaviour of the candidates for such distinctions."

Simple enough, this reads, but what does it mean? Does it mean that when the clerk of the trustees reads off, in his clear tones, the fellows and prizemen, that these men are not, necessarily, the best scholars or essayists, but that their "behaviour" was judged to be a little more orthodox? We fail to see how any other construction applies. The principle, we believe, should be stricken from the laws. If it is a dead-letter, there is not a single reason for keeping it in the laws. If, on the other hand, it is an active principle, in awarding distinction, we think there are still greater reasons for striking it out of the laws. No principle is more likely to lower the standard of scholarship than the application of moral tests where such tests have no place. This was the position of Ex-President Woolsey, of Yale College, when he successfully opposed a majority of the faculty, who sought to establish such a principle at Yale. He justly contended that the standard of scholarship would be lowered by such a course. It is equally distinctive of a high morality, for nothing is easier for the unscrupulous to sham, when before professors. Students, in general, despise prizes for morality, and one case of hypocrisy, for such occur, does more to injure morality than a dozen years can rectify. If, however, the authorities think this section should stand in the next edition of the laws, let it be more generally understood that "orderly behaviour" counts. Let the announcement be somewhat as follows: — —, Fellow in — science, "moral conduct and orderly behaviour."

MATHEMATICS is certainly not a favorite study with the average college student. He is content if he can escape a condition, and continues his investigation in mathe-

mathematical realms no farther than compelled by the curriculum. It might be difficult to state the precise cause of this dislike, for if we consider the subject, either in its practical importance or as a means of mental discipline, few studies can compare with it. Certainly it is difficult, and the professor can here, as nowhere else, be sure that work is done. The cynic might, therefore, explain the student's dislike of mathematics, by assuming (?) laziness. Be this as it may, no one will, for a moment, question the importance of offering a first-class mathematical course to those who wish to pursue the subject. Two general reasons might be given. The first, of course, is the inherent importance of the subject to the scholar. It is impossible for the student to comprehend any branch of physics, without an acquaintance with higher mathematics. For general culture it is also unequalled. Carlyle was a great essayist, but he attained his university distinction in mathematics. A second, but more selfish reason is, that no course is more likely to contribute to the fame of the college. We remember hearing of some Princeton mathematical fellows long before we saw Princeton, and a closer view has revealed the fact that, high as Princeton stands in mental science, etc., she would lose much if she had not her mathematical men. Having done this with our present course, what might we not do with a more advanced course? The point we wish to urge is, that greater advantages are imperative. The student, at present, does not get beyond differential calculus until the latter part of Senior year, and it seems doubtful whether the present Senior class will get into integral calculus at all. During this time the student must hobble along as best he can through physical problems, full of integration, and, consequently, do very imperfect work. We do not attach blame for this upon the professor in that department. We know something of the difficulties he has to meet, and appreciate his labors. But we are writing to call the attention of the proper authorities to this defect. A plan we have heard

proposed is worthy of consideration. It is to divide the class in Sophomore year into two divisions, and push one more rapidly over the ground. Thus, the elective class in Junior year could complete both differential and integral calculus. If this plan could be adopted, it would be a great advance. Certainly something ought to be done to furnish integral calculus to the student who wishes to study physical science.

IT SEEMS necessary again to remind our contributors of what is expected of them. The editors have the subject continually before them, and are often sorely puzzled what to do. We are not now urging the importance of contributing, for that has already been worn threadbare, but of the importance of choosing suitable subjects, and of treating them in an interesting way. We have been compelled, time and again, to reject articles which were well written, simply because of the subject or the treatment. We wish these writers could put themselves in the reader's place. Fancy themselves walking from the P. O., LIT. in hand, and glancing over the table of contents. Every fellow knows he would not read a compiled essay on "Beowulf," or an erudite discussion of the Alexandrian philosophy. But, how eagerly he turns to an article that comes home to his everyday life, and how much better does he think of a LIT. that shows, on every page, that it was written for him. We know that the average college student thinks about his surroundings, and can talk with originality on subjects of common interest. It may be some oddity of character, some phase of the latest novel, some things he saw in his travels, or the story of some adventure; but, whatever it is, he talks sensibly as student to student. Why, then, must he get on stilts, and talk like a learned LL.D., when he writes for the LIT.? His articles will be less likely to be accepted, and

we venture the assertion that he will gain less from writing them. Chas. Lamb is justly renowned for the grace and naturalness of his essays, and many of the best critics rank him high above Macaulay as an essayist. Our advice is, to write hereafter on "Roast Pig," and not on "Milton." We would sooner publish such gems, rather than the flashing rhetoric of a would-be Macaulay.

Olla-Podrida.

* * * * O, that I were a fool,
I am ambitious for a molley coat.—*As You Like It*.—Act 2, Scene 2.

SEPT. 27TH.—Drawing for places for Chapel stage.....B. B., '83 vs. '85. Score—'83, 9; '85, 8.

SEPT. 28TH.—B. B., '84 vs. '86. Score—8-3 in favor of '84.....First Library meeting at Dr. McCosh's. The Dr. read a paper on the difference between the German and Scottish schools.

SEPT. 29TH.—B. B., '84 vs. '85. Score—5-1 in favor of '84.

SEPT. 30TH.—B. B., '83 vs. '86. Score—18-3, in favor of '83.

OCT. 2D.—B. B., '85 vs. '86. Score—14-5, in favor of '85.

OCT. 3D.—B. B., '83 vs. '84. Score—8-5, in favor of '83. This game gave class championship to '83.

In one of the class games a Freshman heard some one call out, "Slide." He immediately asked how they could make the ball slide. Another Freshman asked why men swore so on the foot-ball field when they tackled.

OCT. 6TH.—Slaughter of the Innocents. (Introduction of new men into the Halls.)

OCT. 7TH.—Opening of the foot ball season here. University vs. Graduate Eleven. Score—4 goals, 5 touch-downs to nothing, in our favor.

Ayers, one of last year's Michigan University F. B. team, is at Harvard.

OCT. 4TH.—University vs. Rutgers, at foot ball. Score—5 goals, 6 touch-downs to nothing, in our favor.....Yale vs. Princeton at Lacrosse at New Haven. Score—Yale, no goals; Princeton, 2.....Foot Ball convention at New York; Peace and Morgan delegates from Princeton. A few trifling changes were made in the rules. A partial schedule of games was arranged as follows: Nov. 18—Harvard vs. Princeton at Cambridge, and Yale vs. Columbia at New Haven. Nov. 25—Princeton vs. Columbia at Princeton, and Harvard vs. Yale at Cambridge.....Stenton Games—Princeton took two first prizes and two second prizes.

Cornell is divided between the old game of foot ball and Rugby.

OCT. 17TH.—President Arthur visits Princeton.

Prof. Halstead is a candidate for a professorship in Texas University. The hard luck of it is that an ex-confederate general is likely to outrun him.

Ward, '83, has withdrawn from competition for the Phys. Science Fellowship.

Bacot, '81, got on the LIT. solely by his contributions to the Olla Pod. Here's a chance for a good man to distinguish himself.

Six stories were handed in for competition for this month's prize, five from '83 and one from '85. The next prize will be for an essay in the January number.

'16.—Pierson, not '18, as *Princetonian* had it, died recently. D. H. Pierson is not his son, and is still alive.

'80.—Gearhart, chairman of "Stalwart" county committee in Pa. A Danville paper recently called him a "Boanerges" on the stump.

'77.—Healy, in town the other day.

'74.—Bryan, married and making a "tear" at the Charleston bar.

'82.—Beattie, cashier in a Greenville, S. C., bank.

'82.—Hughes, starts a cattle farm in Texas Nov. 1st.

'82.—Larcombe, medicine in New York.

'82.—Hemphill, polling law at Chester, S. C.

'81.—Pliny Fisk, married.

Dr. Prime, of New York, has offered his collection of pottery, the best in the United States, to the college, provided they will put it in a fire-proof building.

'83.—Davis, Prescott, and possibly Hodge, going in for Historical Fellowship.

'84 vs. *Princetonian*, score not yet reported.

Dougal, '81, teaching near Caldwell, N. J., is married and is a father. Says Bermuda was too — hot.

The subject for the Historical Fellowship Essay is "The English and American Constitutions Compared and Contrasted." For the Science and Religion Prize, the subject is "The Philosophical Value of Revelation." The Dickinson Prize will be on "Divine Government and Modern Science." The examination for the English prize will probably be on one of the plays of Shakespeare, as it is felt to be desirable to have a less extensive course of reading than has hitherto been required.

It is not generally known that the popular tennis shirt is the happy thought of a couple of Columbia students.

Total abstinence is booming at Harvard.

At Amherst the students are regaled with the odors arising from the sportive antics of a colony of polecats. The appeals for deliverance are exceedingly pathetic.

At Amherst the Sophs. got the Class B. B. Championship, while at Yale the Juniors, and at Princeton, "you know," the Seniors were successful.

Dr. C. Hodge, of the Seminary, lately defined Rhetoric as "Common Sense made unintelligible."

The Sophomore Club was lately turned out of Dohm's for "slinging grub."

The first letter sent home by a gushing Freshman: "Pater, cani ha veso memore stamps sentto me? Ego spentthe last cent. Tuus studios heres, Johannes."—*Ex.*

Recitation in English on Hamlet. Dr. M.: Mr. F., what is the *psychological* fact brought out here? Mr. F.—The frailty of woman.

One of the absorbing topics of discussion now is the matter of playing professional teams at base ball. Yale refuses to give up the practice.

A new contribution to light literature is by Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, and is entitled "Criteria of Diverse Kinds of Truth as Opposed to Agnosticism."—*Yale News*.

On Geology: "*Eh bien!*" exclaimed Miss Kate to the tradesman. "What is the price of your gneiss peaches?" "Tufa," he replied laconically. "That's schist what I want. Give me two quartz strata way. I want to catch mica. A doleryte?" And silicate bounced out of the store without paying atoll.—*Yale Record*.

Teacher: "Class in Geography stand up. What is a strait?" Small boy at the foot of the class: "A straight beats two pair, three of a kind, and generally the pot, unless some cuss happens to have a cold deck slipped up his coat sleeves." Teacher: "Let us pray."—*The Critic*.

The *Harvard Daily Herald* and *Yale News* exchange (dis-)courtesies almost daily, each characterizing the other's articles as "impertinent."

Representatives from seven New England colleges, one from Princeton and others from Williston, Exeter and Andover Academies, were present at the recent convention of the Y. M. C. A. in Charlestown.

Those who would like to join a chess club may drop a card to lock-box 98.

One little, two little, three little dogs
All shut up in a closed room;
One starved, two starved, three starved dogs,
"Cutting up Ned" in Witherspoon.

One man, two men, (they're Trustees)
Holding together a little conclave;
One man, two men, (they're Trustees)
Agreeing together: a mandate gave.

One little, two little, three little dogs,
Sadly peered from a freight car door;
One little, two little, three little dogs—
Their howl will greet our ears no more.

One little, two little, three little dogs,
Their educational work is done;
Poor little, dear little, sad little dogs,
A rustication they have gone.

Gone where Mat can't follow them.

Prof. (looking at his watch.)—"As we have a few moments left I should like to have any one ask a question if so disposed." Student—"What time is it, please?"—*Amherst Student*.

At Harvard and Yale, men are selected from all departments to represent their University in the various sports, and at Princeton they do not hesitate to draw upon the Theological Seminary for a "good kicker" for their foot ball team.—*Ex.*

This is what the *Tribune* said as regards the Harvard-Yale boat race last June: "If Yale had only taken one more precaution against defeat! Her boat was ten feet longer than Harvard's; if it had been fifty or sixty feet longer, the bows might have been even at the end of the race, and the contest could have been called a draw."

One of the respected members of the faculty is reported to have answered that time-worn conundrum—"What is the marking system?" by saying, "Only the Lord and one professor understand it. The Lord won't tell and the professor has forgotten."—*Brunonian*.

College Gossip.

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S anti-athletic letter has of late been a source of great anxiety to the undergraduate mind at Yale. The agony has at last abated, however, and the Yale student is busy patting his faculty on the back, in commendation of their taking the desired course, namely, non-compliance with the aforesaid letter. In short, Yale's faculty deems the two great elements in a college life equally balanced, and if this is so, they have done right; for no more should studies "be binding" on athletics than *vice versa*. Internally, Yale has been full of excitement since the beginning of the term. Before the hot water of the promenade elections had cooled off and lulled itself to rest, the public attention was directed to the regatta of the Yacht Club, and following hard in the wake of this came the decisive game in the class base ball championship—a game between '83 and '84. Thus far only was it analogous to our own, for the Juniors were successful in scoring 7 runs to the Seniors' 1. From all we can hear, the defeated party gracefully accepted the loss incurred, though, no doubt, they were sufficiently self-confident before the match. Eighty-three, nevertheless, fully retrenched on the following Wednesday by winning the class regatta, with her redoubtable eight, in a two-mile straight-away, although laboring under the disadvantage of a broken slide, and inspired by the presence of only a small number of class-mates. Throughout her college course rowing has been '83's most successful branch of athletics, having won six out of the seven races entered.

Another event very interesting to Yale was the lacrosse match last Saturday with Princeton. Yale College never more modestly entered a contest, and never more complacently sustained a defeat than this very one of lacrosse.

Be it said in praise of Yale, that class elections do not have the effect of defeating their own ends, by breaking a class to pieces with all manner of ill-feeling. Quite the contrary. Eighty-three elected three very important representatives—the poet, orator and statistician—and the remarkable complaint was made that the election was characterized by a lack of interest and of numbers.

Athletics will surely never flag at Yale. It's true the papers do occasionally grumble at small attendance at such and such games, and so forth, but when a faculty refuses an opportunity to sit on a base ball nine, thereby forfeiting one of its most enjoyed, time-honored and

distinctive rights; and when the athletic grounds are in a fair way to be extensively increased beyond their present capacious bounds; and finally, when a paper—a Yale paper—has become generous enough to back up its athletic preaching by offering a \$50 silver cup for the best record in the half-mile, then it is that athletics have become almost a controlling influence, all the studious habits of Yale to the contrary.

The plurality of chapel bells have commenced to ring, and of course such an addition as chimes cannot be regarded otherwise than as an improvement; yet, nevertheless, it is one which it will be more comfortable to read about than to sleep under. Nor can we envy Yale in having several chapel bells instead of one—one, aided by a full corps of conscientious spotters, meets all the requirements of Princeton. Spotters are quieter than bells—hence they are preferable.

Yale exhibits some uneasiness lest she be thought in accord with the paper read by Professor Sumner before the Tariff Commission, in Philadelphia, *i. e.*, lest she be thought free trade. She is willing to be his pupil, but ashamed to become his disciple, because, forsooth, she is, or imagines she is, the educator of New England's future manufacturers, for whom the doctrine of protection will be a *more convenient* principle in after life. In short, Yale would raise a breed of monopolists and Jay Goulds, who will turn out such philanthropists and will have such a regard for the public welfare that they, too, will find it convenient to say, in Mr. Vanderbilt's language, "the public be d—d."

Concerning the promenade trouble, there has been much communication in the papers, but the issue was that the Sheff. Juniors failed to be represented in the committee on the grounds that they were of one year's shorter standing in the College than the Academs. Besides, how is the practical mind of a Scientist able to appreciate the beauties embraced in such a thing as a promenade?

An advance in grub, a canoeing club, and the formation of a football scrub eleven, complete the list of Yale proceedings.

Forever after Harvard and Columbia are so closely connected, so indelibly intimate, that, in the opinion of the most casual observer, nothing can ever separate the two, bound together as they are in the brotherhood of oarsmen. To explain their relationship at the present moment, if anybody could do it, would be to inquire into private matters, which, nevertheless, we regret to say, were forced on the attention of the public. True it is that the public is rarely treated to such an exciting and doubtful contest of words, but more than one such in a coon's age would probably destroy their nerves; nor would these two very respectable Colleges have the nerve, either, to reproduce a similar scene, yet still they keep on routing and squabbling more about it, till at last *we* are obliged to dismiss it as the great

unsolved down-Eastern question, while Yale solves it in favor of Columbia.

Harvard is not quite so pleased with her President's athletic views as Yale seems to be with those of her faculty, yet Harvard would fain grumble because Yale don't fall into line. She seems to think Yale *impolite*. The further production of Greek plays bids fair to take place this winter, encouraged by the success of last, and an article in the *N. Y. Times* considers this to be a profitable departure from the old "Iambano" rules of teaching. Lacrosse is thriving at Harvard as well as Yale and Princeton, only the form has advanced so far at the former place as to advocate the Freshmen forming a distinct class-team of their own. We may never hope to be successful against Harvard on this field unless we advance with her, if not ahead of her, in all such fostering schemes to supply the 'Varsity up to its requirement and the requirement of the athletic status of Princeton. Our team must, therefore, arrange more matches, and, if possible, endeavor to enlist the interest of enough '86 men to have a team made up solely from that class. A scratch race came off between four Senior lights last Monday, which serves as a reminder that all boating interests are not yet swallowed up with the University crew in the interesting employment of self-justification with Columbia. Contrary to first reports, the *Lampoon* is to be still kept up. It would, indeed, be a pity if this organ of satire, which is valuable even beyond the mere College standpoint, should deprive the College public of the pungent criticism so ably administered to society. We fully echo the joy of the *Herald* at its resurrection. As for the other Harvard papers the *Crimson* has been rejuvenated into a weekly, and the *Echo* has inevitably died away. The *Herald* henceforth becomes a monopolist, but we doubt if it was its rivalry alone which finally completed the *Echo's* demise. The Co-operative must not be forgotten. Still greedy for more members, and at the old trick of roping the Freshmen, the Co-op. is in a fair way, this year, to be a success. About five hundred members enjoy her protection. Columbia indulged in a cane spree at the opening of her term, and meets with Yale's severe disapproval because one of the Sophmores presented his greasy body among the Freshmen in order to eliminate the cane with more ease. Etiquette does not require any particular form of dress on such an occasion, and, if the gentleman was willing to abide odious comparisons, surely there is no reason why he should not be allowed to have a coating of grease, if he, at the same time, fulfill the laws of decency and wear something beside to keep him from appearing in too statuesque a drapery.

Following out the law of association, we turn from the present great rowing Universities to the formerly great one of Cornell. Cornell has

gone through her course in rowing, has had her experience, and may be classified one degree higher than those who are now in the process. Foot-ball has lately taken a hold here, and the question is not whether it will be a success in itself, but whether the Cornell or Rugby game shall take precedence. Since the lower class have espoused the cause of the latter, it will, undoubtedly, in the long run win, but at present games of both kinds are being played. The two under classes are obliged to drill, and as it comes somewhat distasteful to them, the *Sun* bids them, by way of consolation, to remember what the youth of Germany have to endure. Soon they are to have an armory of extensive design, and then, perhaps, the faculty will request the upper classes, too, to help fill it; they too will have an opportunity to remember the young Germans. If the *Sun* wants to make a really good suggestion, let her persuade the Faculty to add drill to the required number of electives. At Cornell, Chapel is purely an optional, and the duty of "spotting" one's own misbehavior is not, as here, conveniently transferred to one hired for the purpose.

Exchanges.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them."—*Macbeth*, Act I., Scene III.

"MY last attempt was a great hit," said the Gossip to the Ex. man the other day, "and I expect to make a 'giddy tear' next time." But our glum look was the only reply, when we remembered that our worthy friend casts enraptured eyes toward the bewitching *Vassar Miss*, and scarcely reads such solid productions as the *Virginia University Mag.* or the *Berkeleyan*, preferring the æsthetic columns of *Crimson* or the charming *De Temporibus et Moribus*.

Be chatty and witty, dear Gossip, but don't venture too far. With this parting sage advice we take up the *Advocate*, and forget all about the paradise on the Hudson.

The editorials in the last number of the *Advocate* are well balanced, containing solid advice mingled with sarcastic humor. We are glad to note the able beginning, and hope to see it in the future, as it has been in the past, one of our best conducted exchanges.

"The Outlook in Foot Ball" contains the following good suggestion, which it would be well for colleges excelling in that sport to note: "Foot ball has been, heretofore, altogether too much confined to those players who graduate from schools where foot ball is regularly played. The number of men who come from such schools is comparatively small, but since they are almost the only ones who practice, they become the only candidates for the eleven. There is much foot ball material in the College which has not had the advantage of a school training, and hence is wasted without a trial; if this material were brought upon the field, it would undoubtedly raise the standard of the candidates." The short sketch headed "A Tight Place," is written in the true sensational style of a story-writer. It shows a marked contrast with "A Few Letters." That sort of a story has become too threadbare to be successful. It is like the average sentimental novel, whose final chapter you can guess without reading the book. The philosophical and psychological "geniuth" gives us a theory of "Days and Years," overflowing with illustrations to sustain his position. His story about the Sultan would have been complete if he had applied it to Arabi Pasha.

The æsthetic exterior of the *Courant* evidences the reported Wilde character of Yale. However, we cannot but congratulate our contemporary on the new departure. The position the *Courant* takes, in an editorial, with reference to practice games of base ball, is more positive than tenable. It publishes its statements as though there were no place for debate, and as though they were absolutely right. Yale, evidently, fears for her "invincibility," when the editorial asserts that if "all games between professionals and our own nine" are abolished, "the future prosperity of our nine is at stake." The learned editorial further states: "We have never seen President Eliot's reason for desiring the discontinuance of games which professionals made public, and cannot imagine what they can be, although we know that they must be grave and weighty to have influenced a gentleman with the judgment which the president of Harvard possesses. Whatever these objections may be, we feel confident that they do not exist here, and our faculty should take this into consideration before taking any action in the matter." The *Harvard Herald* thus comments on the subsequent action of the Yale faculty:

"Of course the Yale faculty has a perfect right to settle its own regulations, in regard to athletics, in the way it deems wisest; but, nevertheless, it is undoubtedly an act of rudeness on her part to pay so little heed to the combined requests of so many colleges in a matter where concession would cost so little to herself, comparatively, and would result in so much general satisfaction among her neighbors. Not that

we contend that the original movement looking to the abolition of professionalism in athletics was so necessary or altogether wise, but when once determined upon and agreed to so generally, it seems particularly ungracious in Yale not to consent to the matter."

Thus the case stands at present.

From this, we turn to the lines of H. L. D.:

AT PARTING.

Ah me! must I now bid farewell
To summer skies?
I'd fain detain the magic spell
Of Clara's eyes.

For though my heart old Time defies,
Since thou, *ma belle*,
Art true; when Autumn's tempests rise
I know full well

Apart, thou can'st not care dispel
By soft replies;
Nor I my fond devotion tell
By smothered sighs.

And yet, though soon come sad good-byes,
My Claribel,
Thy heart will give, (thy voice denies)
Love's bagatelle.

The modern eclogue on "Two in a Shower," depends for its raillery and fun more on the parentheses than on the poem itself. The casual reader "feels awfully wild" when he reaches *l'envoi*, over the signature of Hardy Thomas. The "Sketch" is marked by brightness and agreeableness in the use of language. The close of the article is especially well put, and contributions of this character aid materially in making a paper interesting. "Yalensicula" is as funny as of yore, striking right and left through the college world, from its own "choked chimes" to referring the *Princetonian* to Ganot's Physics.

The Athenaeum takes the stride from the "sublime to the ridiculous" in exactly four pages, in its last number. At first we have Hazel Eyes, in lady's bower, with adoring lover, and next (alas! the lack of artistic skill), we see one of Erin's daughters and the irrepressible Snobkins. Worthy contemporary, take the advice even of a "patriarch," and "brace up" your illustrations, or a successful failure awaits you in that direction. The "Midsummer Night-Mare" is very funny for "Keno." Wonder when he had the last attack,—seems not to have recovered yet. It certainly was a "cold day" for him when he penned that article. But, there's nothing like it. Let the curtain rise, "Keno," and display yourself, with shaking limbs and quivering pen, in the act of evolving another modern tragedy out of your fertile brain. The

"Heroic Encounter" is a well-written and pleasant story. The idea of a "Williams' Congress" seems to elicit a strong interest, and we hope to hear of its success in the future. The plan proposed is practical, and can reasonably be expected to prove beneficial. Dame Fortune has not suffered at the hands of the poet who inscribed three jingling verses on "Fortune's Wheel."

The college dailies come pouring in all the time, and represent and discuss all sorts of topics in which they are interested with great vivacity. They are good mediums for one college to read long lectures to another and present extended statements of their wrongs and grievances. It's a pity Columbia does not possess a daily in which to vent her spleen, for she seems to be at "sword's point" with her contemporaries in a sort of quill tournament.

From the *News* we learn about all the latest kinks of college athleticism. And along with the athletic notes on foot ball, rowing and lacrosse, we have the *Yale Loga* repository of fun, which excels in a brightness of repartee that smacks strongly of New Haven atmosphere. The *Harvard Herald* has lately received the modest imputation of attempting to outdo the *Lampoon* as an illustrated paper. The difference is that *Lampey* originates something new every issue, while "chanticleer," etc., is perennial, although dangerously surrounded. These two dailies of leading New England colleges can be taken as a mark of the thrift and push of the collegian of the day. The *Cornell Sun* has taken a decided brace this year, and promises to furnish the college world with something more than mere Quixotic utterances of the doings at Cornell. Furnished with these, the Ex. man is appealed to on all occasions for news and is looked up to as the all-wise oracle of college journalism. He is, in fact, a sort of self-registering report of the college atmosphere with which he is surrounded. Were it not that some read between the lines all would be fair weather.